Last man Standing

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Summary: John's current mission is to find Cortana and stop the Prophet of Truth from firing the rings and destroying all life. This is proven to be easier than expected when the help of another Spartan appears. It seems that Luck, truly is the most powerful weapon.

# Last man Standing

John, other known as the Master Chief , was never the same after the fall of his home planet Reach. Those around him were oblivious to the silent breakdown that ate away his mind, which slowly tore apart all humanity that remained. He kept the raw emotions captive, being the perfect soldier he was trained to be.

His home wasn't the only one to fall, no, all his precious brother in arms, his comrades he had befriended during the Spartan II program. All had met their demise during the long fight against the first advance from an alien species who named themselves The Covenant. Sam, linda, Kelli, James, there were too many to name, but he had remembered them all. An ache dulled in his chest when he thought of them, the only evidence that proved he was still human, still a man. John, for all he knew, was the only Spartan left, his life being nothing but pure survival, an impossible drive coursed through his blood as he moved to save human-kind. Some part of him wanted the Covenant to pay for everything they had done, and he was not the man to break promises.

**Chapter 1**

John made his way expertly through the invaded town of Mambasa, killing off each grunt, jackal or brute that dared to stand in his way. Mercy wasn't exactly on the Spartan's mind, a trail of lifeless and mangled alien bodies lay victim to his stained hands. His headset buzzed with a line of static on his main intercom channel, the obnoxious noise clearing after a minute.

"Chief? Finally a good connection." The feminine voice John recognized as Lieutenant Keye's broke through. "Get to the town of Voi and annihilate the Brute blockade, we need to get marines down there before the city is overrun." She ordered, static beginning to reclaim the channel.

"Copy that Lieutenant" He briefly replied as the channel cut out to static once again. Gripping his assault riffle with one hand he ran across a broken metal beam that once belonged to the support of a busy highway. Thoughts clouded his head as imaginary cars appeared and sped past him, heading off to unknown designations. This place was once a home, filled with lively conversations and busy schedules, now it had crumbled in a blink of an eye, invaded and empty. The cars dissipated as he shook away the images, his mind focusing on his current mission, he couldn't let his imagination ruin his chance to make it right.

His destination was close, a mere 10 klicks, which would take 20 minutes depending on the amount of ground troops. Based on his earlier encounters it would take a half hour, the Covenant determined to overrun every civilian city, but he knew they were not ready for the Spartan.

As he neared the highway gates, he took in a breath, not sure of what to expect, preparing himself for the worst.. Once he rounded the corner he had engaged in an ongoing firefight between brutes and marines who tried to keep the vicious invaders at bay. However it was clear that the men were on the losing side, their backs almost pressed against a rock wall. John quickly acted as he ran silently behind an over-turned semi, pulling a grenade from his belt. When he deemed the marines safe from the blast radius he pulled the pin and tossed the explosive in the middle of the Brute entourage, in-human screams marking his success. He wasted no time as he ran to the battered soldiers, whose shoulders sank with relief at his sight.

"50 yards ahead, trapped friendlies in the bunkers, Sir." The head marine briefed him, assault riffle held firmly in his bloodied hands. The Spartan assessed their conditions and weapon information, noting that they were all green with excess magazines, despite minor cuts and bruises.

"All right, on my mark I want half of you to flank the right side, the other half head down the middle." He ordered, scanning the grounds before him, nodding in approval. A movement to his upper-left caught his line of vision, followed by four green orbs accumulating in size. His radar had yet to pick up the on-coming enemy, but he knew well to trust his senses more than any ONI tech.

"Mark!" With the sound of his voice the restless soldiers split according to plan and flanked the oblivious aliens, while he veered off to the left to the site he saw the foreign objects. As he neared he identified that they belonged to a quad of grunts staggering in their heavy environmental suits. He held his riffle level to his eye and fired short, three round bursts, the orbs sizzling past him. In 5 seconds flat, the group lay dead, not a bullet had missed its mark. The Spartan, however, had no time to celebrate as a scream from his fellow marine tore away his attention. The brutes they had flanked flew awkwardly in the air, jetpacks strapped to their grotesque

forms.

The soldiers scrambled under the cover of abandoned cement tunnels, brutes suspended in the air above them. He took aim, only to lose sight quickly. He retained his target and pulled the trigger, the brute plummeting to the ground. However, he noted that it wasn't his rounds that had killed his target as his eyes focused on a thin white stream that had begun to dissipate in the air., He traced the line to a cliff above the bunkers, where two more jet streams sailed above him, two more laying victim to its deadly precision.

"Flank them!" He yelled. The marines ran along side him, bullets spraying at the enemy while sniper rounds making its mark to those who escaped into the air. Quickly the group made their way towards the cover of the bunkers, finishing off the rest of the ground troops.

"Don't shoot, it's the Chief!" A female marine cautioned, lowering her assault riffle as the group approached. Dried blood caked her tanned face which studded a swollen left eye, a thick layer of mud and dirt coating her entire frame. She showed no sign of discomfort or pain, but her shoulders sank with a sort of relief which she wouldn't like to admit in front of her squad.

John placed a hand on her shoulder and nodded as she looked up to him in appreciation, her eyes burning with a new-found determination. Under his helmet, he allowed himself a small smile; he knew that the fight hadn't died quite yet, and that there was still hope in their hearts. Being a soldier meant something.

"You have a sniper on those rocks?" He asked, head inclining towards the cliff. At first the marine looked confused but she quickly shook off and nodded, leaving The Spartan very wary.

"Yeah, they just showed up with that riffle minutes after we got forced up the hill." She explained, just as confused as him. He then presumed that it wasn't a man from her squad, but perhaps a lone survivor from another unit. Radio static buzzed through his headset, which he expected the voice of Lt. Keyes to advance through. However, he was taken aback to the sound of another female's voice, the drone of the static making the message almost
inaudible.

"Hea._buzz_.ads..up._.buzz_"

His attention turned from the cliff to an odd-shaped opalescent blue ship hovering low to the ground, the hull of the ship represented that of a whale, sleek and massive. Two quads of reienforced ground troops dropping heavily onto the ground, dirt swirling around their scaled feet as they ran towards the bunker.

"Assault rifles aren't good at this range." The female marine commented, John nodding his head in agreement at the complication. The MA5C rifles were mid-range with a burst that could reach 20 feet, anything past that and the rounds became scattered and inaccurate. He knew there would be more encounters with adversaries along the way to Voi, so every bullet had to count, leaving no room for error.

His eyes scanned the grounds before him, noting that the hill littered with abandoned cement tunnels that harbored the wave of

troops, his head spinning as he tried to formulate a plan. If he could find a way to lure them out, the sniper on the cliff could drop each target, the only problem being; he'd had to have a way to communicate with their friendly. Breathing out a small breath he had held, he turned to his fellow marines, nodding in certainty.

"Stay here, your sniper and I will take care of this. If any of them come near, make every round count." He instructed in a gruff voice, the soldiers yelling simultaneously in comprehension.

Praying that the unknown soldier would catch on to his plan, he ran out from the cover of the bunker and bolted to a cement tunnel gaining the attention of the enemy, their hulking bodies advancing from their hiding place. As soon as they became exposed, shots rung out in the air and the thin white lines claimed their victims once again, blood spraying the ground. He released shaky sigh, relieved that there was a tie of understanding, however the mission wasn't quite over yet since he had only managed to draw out half of the troops. Gauging for his next shelter he ran, firing his side-arm to draw the brutes out, shots of the heavy-caliber weapon claiming the last of the wave. Victory was cut short as his intercom buzzed again, the female voice breaking through once more with the cover of static. Without his advanced hearing he wouldn't have been able to make the message out.

"Draw._.buzz_..back.._buzz_..wraith."

"dropship inbound!"

Both warnings were enough to make John book it double-time up the hill and under the cover of the bunker, an eerie mechanical drone nearing closer with each panicked breath. A strange vehicle entered their line of sight seconds later, hovering above the ground despite its massive stature. The hull, like that of a Phantom dropship, but a crane like structure rested on the back. ONI classified it as a Wraith some years ago due to the supernatural sound it emanated before actually appearing in line of sight. John knew all too well what the tank was capable of, it had proven hard to maneuver and demobilize many times before, he had to take extreme caution.

Before he could formulate a plan, a shot rung out from the snipers nest above him, the round sinking into the blue metal millimeters away from the pilot with a _thud_. The crane sunk back, a ball crackling with energy forming in the crook and releasing itself, sailing over the bunker and towards the cliff. Rocks shifted on impact, falling down around them heavily enough to make the ground shudder. To John it didn't make any sense. From previous engagements, he knew what the sniper was capable of, and missing a shot seemed highly uncharacteristic. Suddenly the realization dawned on him as another shot fired, hitting its mark. The marksman had drawn the tanks attention so the marines and himself would be out of harms way.

Seeing that the pilot was incapacitated, he ran towards the tank, which fired uselessly and randomly at the armored Spartan. Jumping on the hull, he yanked the gunner from his place, a sickening crack signifying a broken neck and an instant death. Cheers of victory came from the bunker, relief and consultation hung in the air around him. In addition, Lt. Keye's voice broke through his intercom channel with stability with no trace of static to interrupt the two.

"Thought you could use a set of wheels." She said in a lively tone, a shadow hovering above his location making him look up. A dropship, entirely different from the metallic blue of the Covenant, lingered above the ground with a vehicle attached to the belly. The tongs holding it into place released causing the transport to land roughly, shocks absorbing the impact. A second ship glided beside the first, reienforcing another, however the standardized M46 light anti-air turret mounted on the back replaced with a Light-Anti armor vehicle, better known as a Gauss Cannon which proved very useful.

"Thanks Lieutenant. I'll set for Voi as soon as I regroup." The Spartan relayed. Suddenly, thoughts of the soldier on the cliff occurred to him and he took a chance to ask before the channel could drop. "Can you identify the friendly above the bunker, sir?"

A long pause occupied and for a second he thought he lost connection.

"Negative Chief, no contact." The Lieutenant answered, slightly confused. Suspicion crawled in the back of his mind but he dismissed it, without Cortana he was glad to have someone capable of watching his back. For what ever reason, his luck had held up.

"Copy that Lietenant, see you at Voi"

"Roger that. Keyes over and out."

His com channel went dead and the ships above him sailed off into the distance, leaving him to regroup with the small squadron of marines who looked up at the Spartan expectantly.

"I've been briefed of a Brute blockade in Voi. When we go mobile, eliminate every ground camp you can, understood?" He informed, staring at each soldier before him, gauging their reaction. There was no disappointment when he saw the fire in their eyes, their voices collaborated with one another in harmony as they responded.

"Sir, yes, Sir!"

"Alright Marines, pack your gear. We go mobile in 5."

* * *

><p>Author's Note: Hey guys, this is pretty much completely revised, I've changed a lot of things for the sake of a better storyline. So, bere with me :) My obsession with the Halo Franchise is too imense to quit now :) 

**Please Review, give it a thought :) **

**Stay Classy guys, over and Out**

End
file.